

The contention of the two famous Houses,
Be hift, and wondered at if he arife.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take vs vnprouided.
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter K. Edward, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and souldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which by Gods assistance, and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords ere night be cleane cut downe.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say
My teares gainsay. For as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this :

Henry our King is prisoner in the Tower,
His land, and all our friends, are quite distrest,
And yonder stands the Wolfe that makes all this ;
Then on Gods name Lords together cry, Saint George.

All. Saint George for Lancaster.

Alarmes to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chambers be discharged.
Then enter the King, Clarence, Gloster, and the rest, making a great
shout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene, Prince,
Oxford, and Somerset are taken, and then sound and enter all a-
gaine.

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broyles,
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight.
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Away, I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words. *Exit Oxf.*

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my death. *Exit Sum.*

Edw. Now Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion ?

Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke ;
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,

Which

of Yorke and Lanca

Which Traitor thou wouldst haue me and

Qu. Oh that thy father had bene so r

Glo. That you might still haue kept y
And nere haue stolne the breech from La

Prin. Let *Aesop* fable in a winters nig
His currish Riddles sorts not with this pl

Glo. By heauen brat, ile plague you for

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague

Glo. For Gods sake take away this cap

Prin. Nay take away this scolding Cr

Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame

Cl. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too ma

Prin. I know my duty, you are all vnc
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periu'r'd G

And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all
I am your better, Traitors as you be.

Edw. Take that, thou likeneffe of this

Qu. Oh kill me too.

Glo. Marry and shall.

Ed. Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue d

Glo. Why should she liue to fill the w

Ed. What doth she swound ?

Make meanes for her recouery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King
I must to London on a serious matter,

Ere you come there, you shall heare mor

Cl. About what, prethee tell me ?

Glo. The Tower man, the Tower : Ile

Qu. Ah Ned, speake to thy Mother b
Ah, thou canst not speake.

Traitors, Tyrants, bloody Homicides,

They that stab'd *Caspar* shed no blood at

For he was a man ; this, in respect a child

And men nere spend their fury on a child

What's worse then Tyrant that I may no

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